THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—*The Voice of the Silence*

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THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS

Christendom borrowed the grand Festival of the Winter Solstice from the Pagan world. Psychologically it ever symbolized the Birth of Divinity in man and only in the fourth century of this era was it narrowly applied by the early Christians to the Birth of their Prophet, Jesus of Nazareth. The Second Birth is a Universal Truth. It follows the travail of Temptation which culminates from the antenatal life of Purgation.

The man of flesh resolves to free himself from his carnal nature. Soon he discovers that such freedom is very intimately bound up with loving service of all men as souls. Service of others and self-purification create the psycho-spiritual phenomenon of his entanglement in the sins and sorrows of his kind. Race-Karma assails him fiercely and he encounters the Temptation to solve its moral and spiritual problems by mundane ways and means.

Jesus was tempted by the Devil—the force of material, sensuous and competitive life. Man does not live by bread alone or by attempting to ignore or forcefully to destroy his self-made destiny, or by conquest of the world without. The Devil left Jesus triumphant when material security was given its proper place and the service of the Spirit was accorded the seat of glory.

The world of today is seeking security in economic conditions; is moving heaven and earth to bring about change without any recognition of past misadventures; and above all, moral and spiritual ideas are discarded and only material gains calculated.

This month the Festival of Christmas should bring the message to the race of the necessity for purgation, and to its leaders in the U.N.O. and other International Conferences, the lesson of Temptation. Man does not live by bread alone, or by buffeting self-made destiny, or by political power. By humility, strong search and selfless ideation can peace be found and prosperity ushered in. Let Nationalisms die and Humanity come to Birth!

LIFE'S DEBT TO DEATH

[The writer of this thoughtful study, **Dr. Alexander F. Skutch,** is an American naturalist who enters the temple of nature with the reverence of the true scientist. Educated in the U. S. A., he has done most of his collecting of botanical specimens and study of bird habits—he has never collected birds—in Central and South America. He has contributed articles on birds and plants to many periodicals and a book of his has recently been accepted for publication by the Oxford University Press. He holds at present a Fellowship of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation of New York.

It is in the person of such of its pioneers as Dr. Skutch that science may be expected some day to leap the gap on which it still insists between organic and inorganic matter and to recognise that wherever there is motion—and where is there not?—there is life, spirit, consciousness, however handicapped in its expression by its vehicles. The answer to Dr. Skutch's closing question in this article is implicit in what has gone before. Forms die but matter never perishes; the consciousness disembodied temporarily is not destroyed; Life builds, preserves, destroys but to build better, casting her erstwhile vehicles into the alembic men call death, that they may be worked up again as other forms.—Ed.]

No one knows how long ago, or under what peculiar circumstances, life arose on the cooling surface of our planet. But those who have weighed the evidence most carefully believe that the interval separating us from the origins of terrestrial life must be measured in hundreds of millions of years, and that the earliest of organized creatures were extremely simple in gross structure, comparable to the lowliest and least differentiated of the living things we know today. And there is no good reason to doubt that the first progenitors of contemporaneous animals and plants suffered from the same limitations which we find without exception in all their progeny—that they could continue to exist only within a narrow range of external conditions and so were liable to sudden destruction; and that even if they escaped disaster from outside agencies, their own internal processes would in the end bring on old age and death.

Of the many peculiar qualities possessed by the newly formed living substance, perhaps the most significant was its instability, its liability to swift destruction or slow decay—in a word, its mortality. For closely associated with its instability was its capacity to change, to assume new forms. In outward shape the first living beings were in all probability very much simpler than many inorganic objects that were coeval with them, such as crystals and the more complex minerals. But these were far more resistant and enduring than the labile living substance. As

a result, the stable mineral productions remain today much as they were æons ago, while the weak and protean life-substance has flowed on and on to new and more complex forms.

Because living beings were individually so easily destroyed and of such limited duration, if they were to continue to exist collectively it was essential that they reproduce themselves, giving rise to other units which might survive their own destruction. The ability to reproduce, coupled with the capacity of protoplasm to change, made possible the gradual evolution of higher forms of life. It is not impossible that through the æons of geologic time simple beings have arisen which were essentially alive but lacked the capacity for reproduction, and hence failed to remain extant long enough to come to our attention. And some kinds of organisms, especially in the seas, attained a relative stability which, external conditions remaining more or less constant, enabled them as species to survive with scarcely any change for countless millions of years. But life in all its highest, most exciting and most familiar manifestations is characterized by ceaseless reproduction and endless slow change.

That the death of the parent is one of the conditions necessary for the evolution of diverse and more complex forms of life is obvious to anyone who has carefully considered the theory of organic evolution, which has become one of the commonplaces of modern thought. Much of the mechanics of evolution remains obscure to us; but there can be no doubt that an essential part of the process is the removal of poorly adapted individuals and races, and their replacement by others better fitted to meet the stresses of a constantly changing environment.

Thus the endless variety in size, form and colour of living beings is bound up in the most intimate fashion with their mortality. In a narrower sense, the necessity of plants and animals to reproduce themselves has called into being many of the most curious and beautiful of their characters. Were plants individually indestructible, the green mantle of the earth would persist without change from year to year and there would be little need for plants to blossom and set seed. Flowers in all their delicacy of shape and brightness of colour; fruits with their multiplicity of form, texture, taste and means of dispersal; seeds so various in configuration and mode of development—these are the plants' tribute to death. Among animals, bright colours and adornment by plume and crest and mane have, in the view of many of the most competent zoologists, developed largely because they are of importance in winning mates and thereby perpetuating the kind—the butterfly's wing, the peacock's train, the tanager's coat of many hues, reached their full perfection of beauty because death stood watching in the shadow. Were birds immortal,

they would not need to build nests of such various and curious forms, or lay eggs which delight us with their multiplicity of colouration; possibly also they would not sing, for with many kinds song is intimately associated with the breeding-season. To death we owe a large share of all the beauty, the colour and the music which life displays.

It is not only in physical qualities that death has enriched life; it has been responsible also for the development of many of its noblest attributes of mind and spirit. Were living beings immortal instead of the frail, perishable creatures they are, it is likely that they would be even more selfish and callous to the sufferings of others than we find them. For, if immortal, they would long ago have populated the earth to capacity and would need to rear no more progeny; but, being mortal, they must leave offspring, which in the higher animals must be fed and protected until they can care for themselves. The necessity to nourish, shelter and defend the young has more than anything else called forth generosity, courage and self-sacrificing devotion in animals which otherwise would find food for themselves alone, flee from rather than face danger as the surest means of saving their own skins, and know no obligation beyond the satisfaction of their appetites.

If non-human animals have a sense of duty—and I believe that those more highly endowed possess at least the germ of this feeling, even if they cannot talk about it—it has arisen in connection with the nest, the den or the hive where their little ones are sheltered and reared. To hatch out their eggs and keep their nestlings warm, birds must sit motionless for long periods, although constant movement seems more in keeping with their lightsome, restless natures. They nourish their young with food taken from their own mouths, often at a time when the close observer can detect signs that they themselves are hungry. Feeble birdlings hardly bigger than a man's thumb will often risk death by attacking the snake, cat, hawk or man which threatens or seems to threaten the safety of their eggs or nestlings. The performance of such acts is the very essence of duty; and if birds and furry animals are

> Glad hearts! without reproach or blot
> Who do thy work and know it not,

they are laying the foundation upon which we have rationalized and systematized our notions of that "Stern Daughter of the Voice of God." With men, feelings of duty as well as most other civic virtues originate in the home; and the home has no biologic significance save as the shelter of the children who will replace their mortal parents.

The necessity to perpetuate the kind is the origin of love, which is one of the strongest influences in the formation of the human character. Love if allowed to degenerate into uncontrolled physical passion degrades man below the lowest of the beasts; when nourished with noble

sentiments and unselfish devotion it lifts him among the immortals. Love may be either the foul canker or the flowering of the human spirit; according to our response to it we grow or shrink in spiritual stature. In no other way are we more directly accountable for the growth of our own spiritual nature than in the path we choose when beckoned onward by love.

If we were immortal and indestructible we should have no cause ever to feel afraid, and without fear we could not know what it is to be brave. We should have no heroes or tales of heroism. We should be without knowledge of most of mortal life's "hopes and fears, so blind and yet so sweet with death about them." Were our life without term we could without reproach put off until tomorrow whatever we did not feel inclined to do today. There would be no reason to be diligent at our task, since in an indefinitely prolonged existence there would always remain ample time to complete it. Industry would cease to be considered a virtue. I knew a scientist who kept a human skull upon his desk, to remind him hourly how short his span of life, and how he must persevere to complete his work ere he, too, became a grinning death's-head.

But for death we might still be amœbæ rather than men. To him we owe a large share of the beauty and colour and variety of life—flowers, bright plumage, the song of the bird and the nobility of the human spirit. When he calls us he merely claims his own. We can only wonder what his purpose may be in delivering up to decay and putrefaction all that he has laboured so long and patiently to create. Will he save nothing from the apparent dissolution of all his handiwork?

ALEXANDER F. SKUTCH

To live as a plant, the *seed* must die. To live as a conscious entity in the Eternity, the passions and senses of man must first DIE before his body does. "To live is to die and to die is to live," has been too little understood in the West. Siva, the *destroyer*, is the *creator* and the Saviour of Spiritual man, as he is the good gardener of nature. He weeds out the plants, human and cosmic, and kills the passions of the physical, to call to life the perceptions of the spiritual, man.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY

THE POET T'AO AND HIS PROSE AND POETIC PHILOSOPHY

(365-427 A. D.)

[Born and brought up in China and having spoken Chinese before she did English, **Clara M. Candlin** (Mrs. W. A. Young) is particularly well-fitted to write this appreciative study of the Chinese poet who loved nature and preferred his rural poverty and peace to office, his leisured calm to all the Court could offer. Her translations from some of the later Chinese poets of the Sung Dynasty have appeared in two volumes in the Wisdom of the East Series under the titles *The Herald Wind* and *The Rapier of Lu.*—ED.]

T'ao Ch'ien, styled Yuan Ming, was born in Kiukiang in the Province of Kiangsi. His great-grandfather was Minister of Literature and his grandfather Minister of War. T'ao as a man of letters far excelled his scholarly great-grandfather; but as a Civil Official he did not emulate his grandfather who was an able administrator.

T'ao like all Chinese poets was deeply absorbed in abstract matters, and his indifference to material comfort was phenomenal. The series of poems headed "The Poor Scholar" are diaries of his days. They reveal his philosophy of life.

The system of Government in China during Imperial times was dependent on the intellectuals. Officials were selected by their skill in writing poems and essays. The essay was written with as much rigidity of form as poetry, differing only in that it did not adhere to the five-word, or seven-word line with short or long stanzas following a rhymed pattern. In this way any student of literature, whether of humble or noble birth, was eligible to compete in the examinations for official posts. All scholars at one time knew high rank if possessed of poetical genius; but with few exceptions those claimed as immortal poets ended by eschewing worldly power and prosperity. T'ao's life followed this rule. It is manifest in his poem, "Return to Fields and Gardens." Simple ways of life, quiet and leisured calm, are what he seeks when his life is matured and thought and action have been weighed by experience. To him creative genius is imprisoned where great splendour abounds. Within the embroidered robe of state he is conscious of a withering soul. With a chain of office hung about his neck he thinks of the "tethered bird" seen so often by the river in the evening, being aired on a crooked stick, to stimulate its output of song. Under his peacock-feathered hat his brain loses its vitality, and the blossoming of the mind is seared. The upwelling of original thought is overwhelmed and ultimately

quenched. The creative mood must then be roused by much wine quaffing. The poem "Return to Fields and Gardens" amply illustrates this theory.

I.

In youth I never was in tune with vulgar life.
I naturally adored the undulating hills.
I dropped by error down into the World's enfolding web;
and tarried there for thirty years,
a tethered bird repining for the woods:
a tank fish yearning for its native pool.
I now return to cultivate the Southern Wilderness;
to live a rural life in garden and in field.

* * *

My house and courts hold no confusion of the World;
Their empty rooms in leisured calm abound.
A narrow cage confined me for an age;
but now I come to Nature once again.

II.

Few worldly cares disturb
my country life.
The tranquil lanes
are seldom scarred
by wheels.
My wooden gate
is closed by day.
My humble rooms
are severed from distracting
earthly thoughts.
At times I wander,
to and fro,
among my rural friends,
with coat of reeds
across my shoulders thrown;
and when we meet
no idle words are said.
We only speak of hemp
and mulberry trees.
Already mulberries
and hemp have grown.
My fields and mind
seem broader every day.
I often fear the frosty sleet
with falling icy drops
will come and sere
my thoughts and crops.

To place T'ao in his historical setting the mind must be flung into the limbo of the Chin Dynasty, and the latter half at that, when the Capital had already been moved from Lo Yang to Nanking. In A. D. 326 Ssu-ma Yen, the son of a renowned warrior of that period, had dethroned the grandson of T'sao T'sao, a famous rebel, and proclaimed himself the First Emperor of the Chin Dynasty. Fifteen years later he had conquered the Kingdom of Wu, thus quelling the last of the Rebel Kingdoms. With its Capital in Lo Yang the Chin Dynasty had begun with exceptional promise. China was united under one monarch who took for his model the early and enlightened Han Emperors. Trade routes were reopened. A bridge was built over the Yellow River linking North and South. Barbarian conquerors began to settle. Libraries were collected together again. Rule by savage force was abandoned. Confucian ethics were again revered and Buddhism revived. But when death seized the First Emperor his mighty empire crumbled. The one elected to succeed him was both weak-willed and feeble-minded. A period of utter chaos ensued. The years allotted to the life span of T'ao saw five Chin Emperors ascend the throne, then swiftly vanish. These crooked and evil days make a turbulent background for a poet and philosopher. Court life was full of intrigue and the lust of power. There is little wonder that T'ao set no store by magnificence and

pomp, and that a note of disillusionment pervades his writings. Neither had long life any allurement for him. Melancholy haunts these few lines :—

My wish is not to know long life;
but have all kindred live in one abode;
with sons and grandsons sheltering each other.

Life is impermanent. Of the future life there is no certainty. Everything fades and folds up. "For I am like a boat upon a lake, without a pause rowed to and fro. How long the voyage will be I cannot tell; nor do I know which port to anchor in. The ancients valued every inch of sun-dial shade. Thus pondering I feel afraid."

No root nor stem
has life.
Like dust,
impermanent,
it whirls
about upon
the roads.
It scatters with
the turning wind.
To Earth descending
all are one fraternity.
Why cherish bones
and flesh alone?
When Happiness
is gained be glad.
The Golden Years
come never twice.
Each day has but one Dawn.
Seize time, redeem the hours.
The moons and years
wait not for man.

* * *

Suns and moons do not tarry.
Seasons chase and urge each other on.
Icy winds sweep away
withered branches,
till they fall and fall
covering all the spacious land.
Weakening is my form.
Raven hair is turned to white:
visible signs are thrust
upon the head.
Gradually the path
of life
grows narrower.

This home—an inn
for wayward travellers.
Myself, a parting guest,
that onward, onward goes,
not knowing where.

In the Southern Hill
there is
an old
Burial Ground.

In general the philosophising of T'ao is calm and temperate when dealing with human action; but at times the moralising is a little priggish: this only when read in translation. The original has an Eastern dignity without lack of point and poise. A whimsical, artistic sense of humour is necessary to obtain its full flavour. The lack of scholarship in his children impels him to write sarcastically—thus :—

Whitened hair on either temple:
skin and flesh no longer firm.
Though possessing five male children,
none are fond of pens and paper.
Ah Shu now is twice times eight,
His is idleness unrivalled.
Ah Hsuan means to learn
but does not love the Arts.
Yung and Tuan are both thirteen;
six and seven they do not know.
My son T'ung is nearly nine:
he but hunts for plums and chestnuts.
If the days revolve like this,
what can I do?
Draw to me the contents of my cup?

But T'ao is not intolerant of youth's waywardness. He remembers his own obstinate days and writes :—

Long ago
when my elders spoke
I sealed my ears
and always felt
displeased.

Now fifty years
of age,
already,
suddenly
I find
affairs
reversed....

When T'ao was fifty-five the Chin Dynasty tottered and fell. The new dynasty, as soon as it was established, called T'ao to Court and appointed him Minister of Publications. This office he resolutely refused to accept. His loyalty to the old régime and his innate rectitude barred him from serving usurpers. He retired from official life and became, more or less, a hermit: or the mysterious "Mr. Five Willows."

This rather insipid prose sketch is of himself:—

There was once a man who had five willow trees growing by his residence. No one knew where he came from or what his name was; so they called him Mr. Five Willows. He was quiet and sedate with little to say. He was without worldly vanity, or desire to be rich; but he was very studious. When he read he did not seek the exact meaning of the text. Often he forgot to take his food when he was absorbed in his books. He was addicted to drinking; but he was poor so he was unable to procure much wine. His relatives and old friends knew this so they bought wine at times to entertain him. Every time he was invited to drink he took all he could and became elated with wine. He then went quickly home. His house was very shabby. It scarcely sheltered him from the sun and wind. The short ragged gown he wore was in shreds, which were knotted together. His food basket and water calabash were always empty; but he continuously looked untroubled. He wrote essays and poems to amuse himself and express his thoughts. He never worried about gain or loss to the end of his life.

This and other words in like vein were written as an epitaph for himself.

This state of irresponsibility was a desire for freedom of spirit, which was achieved by shedding worldly cares. The immortal poets rose above physical discomforts. Their lofty thoughts and abstractions rendered them impervious to cold and hunger.

They blissfully floated on a sunny sea invisible to others but a reality to them, imagining themselves the Eight Immortals. One of their ancient sages has said: "Am I a butterfly dreaming that I am a man, or a man dreaming that I am a butterfly?" From a series of poems called "The Poor Scholar," I have chosen one or two extracts to illustrate this:—

In the stern wintery evening of the year,
before my study in the sun,
I wrap my robe about my form.
The Southern Orchard
has bequeathed no flowers.
With withered twigs
the Northern Garden fills.
I overturn my wine carafe
to drain from it
the last remaining drop.
No smoke is seen within my hearth.

Piled up with classic tomes
are all my chairs.
At close of day there is
no time to read.

* * *

Venerable Yung was destitute
when old,
yet twanged his lute
of seven strings.
The scholar Yuan
wore soleless shoes,
but sang in ringing tones.
Chung Hua was flourishing
before my time.
Each generation sees
poor scholars everywhere.
My ragged sleeves
scarce hide my elbow-joints;
and meagre is my broth.
Those clad in costly furs
I envy not.
I would not value them
if I had such.
C'hien Lou in olden days
was well content with poverty.
I glory not in lofty rank;
nor am I grateful for emoluments.
For suddenly the years
decreed to me will end;
when still my burial clothes
are unprepared.

According to T'ao poverty quickened genius. It seemed to go hand in hand with poetry. These ragamuffins in shredded garments "knotted together" were a challenge denoting freedom from the severe exactions of life. Turning their backs on pelf they became young again, and vigorous. "Their thoughts on pinions soared in upward flight." The future existence was unpredictable. Being sages they pronounced "Virtue, righteousness, and magnanimity" worth attaining. T'ao says: "A thousand ages since the world began such men have been who lived at Dawn with righteousness and magnanimity. At Eve they die with nothing to regret."

All these theories leave us with T'ao a mellow old philosopher sitting in his sunny court in autumn, surrounded by the flowering chrysanthemums he loved to plant. After serene reflection and contemplation on the principles of human action he paints a picture with his writing brush in perfect tune with Nature.

Spring floods fill
the Four Lakes.
Summer clouds
are many-peaked.
Autumn moons
send bright gleams.
Winter hills
beautify
the lonely pine.

CLARA M. CANDLIN

HISTORY AND TENETS OF THE ALBIGENSES

[**Mr. M. A. Moyal,** with his Turkish and Near East antecedents, his cosmopolitan sympathies and his leanings towards the mystical, is well fitted to understand and to depict, as he does here, those descendants of the Gnostics, the Albigenses or the Western Cathars of Southern France, whose extermination is so dark a stain upon the history of Rome and her accomplices in mediæval France. The Albigensian heresy was mercilessly crushed, and yet "the *Gnosis* lingers still on earth, and its votaries are many, albeit unknown."—Ed.]

Jesus did not found the religion of Calvary for dominating the nations but for preaching Love by word and by example. Since the day that the Church was accepted by the Roman Empire, it turned into the friend of the Cæsars, the associate and often the accomplice of the Great. Theologians have led it and lead it still but theology is something far from God's love! Theology enforced by the Church Councils under pain of anathema, by the Inquisitors under pain of sentence for life, of torture or of death has been responsible for the enacting of terrible tragedies.

In the beginning of the thirteenth century, the Roman Theocracy committed a loathsome crime against the Spirit. In 1209, the Papal Nuncio preached in the whole of France that men ought to take arms against the Count of Toulouse and the other Southern nobles who were protecting the Albigenses, promising that the Crusaders would be forgiven by God for all their past sins. Quite a few, priests and laymen, moved far more by the prospect of loot than by craving for justice, answered the call to put to the sword a whole people believing in lofty religious and moral tenets, fond of poetry, industrious and rich and living happily under the benevolent rule of their nobles.

Such fanatical excesses tarnished this "Holy War" that Pope Innocent III felt remorse for the torrents of blood shed in the name of a God of pity and mercy. He called for a truce. Vainly. At the sack of Beziers, when the Crusaders asked the Papal Nuncio how they were to distinguish Catholics from Albigenses, he uttered the loathsome command "Put them all to the sword; God will acknowledge His Own!" Looting, fire and mass slayings went on on a still greater scale and even the death of Simon de Montfort, the leader of the Crusaders, did not stop them. His son Amauri left the south of France but Blanche of Castille, the French regent for her infant son Saint Louis, furthered this bloody crusade for her political purposes. Victorious, she imposed laws on the conquered. Her officials crushed the country and the stakes of the In-

quisition were kindled for burning the heretics in mass *autos-da-fe*. The wretched Albigenses rebelled but the defenders of their last citadel, the Castle of Montségur, were forced by hunger to capitulate in 1245. All its heroic defenders were thrown into the flames while all the Royal army encircled the stakes, singing the Crusaders' hymn.

In his challenging book *Why I Am a Buddhist*, Maurice Magre puts excellently the reasons for Rome's hostility against the Albigenses :—

> Every time that the eternal Oriental wisdom has manifested itself to Man by the way of a Prophet, a book or the propaganda of a sect, it has caused indignation to mount so much the more that truth was more beautiful, moral in the higher meaning of this oft-misused word. And then, indignation ebbed down. And as, in a ripening fruit, a worm finds its way into it, a dark element slanders the Prophets, causes the sect to break up, parodies the teachings of the book....The primitive heretics opposed Apollonius of Tyana to Jesus....One notices only one exception to this rule : the Albigenses who stirred up such hatred that they were all put to the sword and the great-grandsons of their great-grandsons were also put to the sword !

What was then this religion of the Albigenses, this doctrine of the Paraclete ?

Almost all the documents come from Roman Catholic sources, and one must be chary of the evidence gathered by the Inquisitors. But we have also the Catholic *Sommes* in which the missionaries of Rome, catechizing the Albigenses, learn the disowned or changed articles of Catholic dogma. Only one Albigensian document escaped the systematic destruction : it is their version of the New Testament, which includes also their prayer-book and the description of some Albigensian rites.

From these, we can catch a glimpse of this religion. It hails clearly from the Orient ; it had been taught in Southern France by some unknown teacher. It is evidently of Manichean origin and somehow akin to esoteric Buddhism.

"This material world is in a perpetual state of change," teaches the Sutra of Mandathri. Death follows after life and life after death. Man, like all that surrounds him, revolves in the eternal cycle of transmigration. He successively passes through all the forms of life, from the most elementary to the most perfect. The place that he occupies in the scale of being results from the merit that he acquires in this world. So the virtuous man is bound, after this life, to be born unto a god-like body and the culprit unto the body of an outcast. But the rewards of Paradise and the punishments of Hell are only temporary, like all that is. Moreover, the Buddha teaches us that we can evade this curse of reincarnations through a perfect life. The Albigenses also taught this tenet. The two religions have many points in common ; they are one in their gnosticism. I must particularly stress the successive emanations of

first principles, the modified dualism and the belief in the rise of a Saviour to teach man his real destiny and final goal.

The Albigenses recognised three categories :—

(*a*) Those wandering in error and darkness.

(*b*) The believers, akin to the Upasikas.

(*c*) The Cathars (from the Greek Katharos, pure), the Perfect, akin to the Bhikkhus. The Cathars attained the perfect life through three degrees: abstinence that frees them from the flesh, celibacy, and poverty that frees them from the world and its enticements.

The Cathars substituted for the Catholic dogmas of the unity of divine substance and the trinity of equal beings, the doctrine of a Father-God, existing for all eternity, which can send forth infinite emanations, a Son and a Holy Ghost (named Paraclete) Gods in origin, but angels by destiny, inferior to the Father though consubstantial with him. Superior spirits with immaterial bodies dwell in the Spheres.

For the Cathars, all things created were not perfect. For them there could be no possible affinity between an infinite, eternal, perfect God and finite, perishable and imperfect matter. An incorruptible God could not create corruption. A kind God could not possibly have created a wicked world.

Philosophy teaches that some analogy must exist between the cause and its effects. If the cause is unchangeable, then its effects must partake of the same nature. But all visible creatures are perishable and vain. If a kind God has created them, then why has He not created them like Himself? If He could not, then He is not almighty. If he could and did not do it, he was urged by envy, out of fear that perfect creatures would become as perfect as Himself. One cannot reconcile such a feeling with supreme good. Therefore, it is impossible that He has created this world.

In the Roman dogma not all souls are bound to be saved. What must one think of a God who knew from the outset to what use we should put our free-will—and yet bestowed it upon us? Does a good father give his children a weapon when he knows all its danger? On the contrary, we believe that all souls return to God after successive reincarnations for He wanted them to have the merit of the struggle and also the joy of final victory.

Therefore, the Albigenses were against: (*a*) The Catholic thesis of a good God, creator of the visible world; (*b*) materialism and (*c*) the pantheism which teaches that nature is eternal in God's bosom, whereas, quite the contrary, its imperfections put it in opposition to perfect God.

Therefore there were for the Cathars two principles, one good, the creator of the invisible world, the other bad, the creator of matter. Were they therefore two Gods, the God of good and the God of evil? In the last analysis, there was only one superlatively good God, for evil was bound to be vanquished. All souls

were to be redeemed, there was no such thing as eternal damnation, not even for Lucibel (Lucifer) and the rebel angels.

Men's souls were angelic and celestial in origin, foreign in nature to the material world; they had not been created for dwelling eternally in this world. They were for the time being enclosed in men's bodies through the treachery of the evil principle, which God had allowed for giving us the merit of the struggle. Jesus, *God's son*, had come into this world to redeem these souls but he could not possibly take a human form for body is a prison to the souls to whom He came to announce their release "from this chain of reincarnations."

He descended on earth in his celestial body that He revealed to His disciples on Mount Tabor on the day of transfiguration. Therefore, He said to his mother, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" His great task was not redemption but enlightenment as to man's origin and destiny. The Old Testament showed the reign of evil. The Cathars believed only in the New Testament; they preferred the esoteric Gospel according to Saint John.

The Consolamentum was to them the most important sacrament; it marked the transition from the state of sin to that of perfection. It was administered through the laying on of hands while reciting prayers and invocations. It was, according to the Cathars, "a real baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire." They had no use, therefore, for the baptism by water as practised by John the Baptist.

Great virtues were attributed to the Consolamentum. It was not an initiation but a real sacrament bestowed only upon those who deserved it or who were on their death-bed. "It communicates the Holy Ghost and redeems of all sins."

"God sends into the soul purified through the Consolamentum, the blessed spirit that it has left in heaven." Therefore its conjunction with the spirit after so long a separation rejoiced the soul. So the recovered Holy Ghost was given the name of the Solacing Spirit or the Paraclete. This rehabilitation of the soul which turned the Believers into angels strayed upon this earth for a little while was the spirit of the Consolamentum, which gave a good death. Among the Albigenses, at any rate, the Perfect had as their ideal love of their fellow-men and they lived in celibacy. They did not take the oath and held all war to be criminal.

And to think that such people, striving for so lofty an ideal, were basely calumniated by their Roman Catholic foes who exterminated them and strive nowadays to kill the truth! As a student of religions I feel in duty bound to join my protest to the "mighty and eternal concert of Pity in face of eternal injustice."

M. A. MOYAL

THE BUNDISCH YOUTH IN GERMANY

[**Dr. K. Hans A. Ebeling,** author, former editor and correspondent in England of German papers, was prominent in the German Youth Movement from 1919 until he had to leave Nazi Germany in 1934. He worked against Nazism and Prussian-German militarism from Holland and Belgium until the war broke out, and again since 1945 has been active in Bundisch Youth Organisations in Germany. He therefore has a first-hand knowledge of his important subject.

Youth everywhere faces the arduous task of patching up a shattered world. Small wonder if young people are impatient with the pretensions of those who have left them the sorry recent legacy! But there are great principles, noble examples, lofty ideals, also in the racial inheritance, and to these wise leaders must guide them. So long, however, as their aims include truth and veracity, honour and honesty and responsibility, there is hope for the Youth of Germany, and for the world.

Indian youths will find in this informative article substantial help for their own service of the Motherland.—ED.]

The Bundisch Youth in Germany has been an outstanding feature in the life of the younger German generation for many years. It is, to use a well-known definition, the will of youth "to order its life by its own decision, on its own responsibility, with inner integrity. This free, responsible self-reliance sprang up as a protest against the irresponsibility and crowd instincts of the older generation. What was the real purpose of the criticism and protest of the Youth passed on Socialism, Nationalism, Catholicism and Christian Institutions? "We can answer plainly that it was the men and the half-hearted way in which they advocated their ideas," said Theo Hespers, a Bundisch leader executed by the Nazis in 1943.

We saw that the champions of Socialism did not stand whole-heartedly for a Socialist new order, that the representatives of Nationalism pursued selfish aims rather than the welfare of the nation, that Catholics did not display the breadth of mind needed for a universal church and that the Christian (Evangelical) clergy never took seriously the injunction to "love thy neighbour as thyself."

This protest, therefore, against the lack of truthfulness, hollow conventionality, even wilful deception in all ways of daily life, spread and embraced a considerable part of middle-class youth in Germany.

The yearly additions to the movement came not in a steady flow, but in waves, now stronger, now weaker. And, on the other hand, it was not equally strong throughout the German territory. Certain areas were more affected than others, the towns more than the country. The second-

ary school boys, the students and young clerks were more attracted than the young workers who launched their protest side by side with their fathers in the political opposition of class struggle. But this changed after 1930 when, especially in Western Germany, also young workers came into the Bundisch Youth organizations. The Bundisch movement attitude was for many a mere transitory youthful protest, but with others it meant a completely new conception affecting their whole future attitude towards life.

The form in which the "Old German Youth Movement" first took shape was the "Wandervögel." After 1919 this youth movement became invaded by the *Pfadfinder* and other national groups. From all these emerged the Bundisch Youth, adopting some of the externals of the scouts. The spiritual content remained that of the Wandervögel. The Bundisch Youth is marked by the creation of their own forms of youthful life. It united the many varied groups and *Bunde* who did not present a national unity in organization. Their main characteristic is independence from "Old People's" organizations as parties, associations (*Verbaende*), unions (*Vereine*) etc. with particular aims. They, therefore, called themselves the Free and Independent groups and *Bunde* of the Youth Movement, *i.e.*, the Bundisch Youth.

Being surrounded by the social and national disputes and catastrophes, this protest movement of Youth could only partly maintain its position. Another part was swept away by events. But again and again the young citizens revolted, and created their own forms of life. Barclay Baron, the well-known editor of Toc H. journal, writes :—

In Germany, where several generations of youth have been increasingly conscious of frustration and disillusionment, as they have lived under conditions of anxiety or defeat, political chaos and economic crisis, the motives and the consequences have been entirely different (to those in England). Youth has felt bound to help itself, to revolt against its elders instead of, as with us, to receive service from them. Some parents and teachers have understood and supported the young enthusiasts, but—to a degree unknown to us here—German youth has felt bound to protest against what older people reckoned the progress of civilization in place of helping them to maintain it. "Insurgent youth" is an odd-sounding phrase to English ears: we may sometimes have needed it but we have never had it. In Germany such a phrase is not only natural, it is almost necessary.

Thus the movement of protest is Protestant, although not in the narrow denominational sense. It spread from the Protestant camp from which it came to the Catholic and Jewish groups. We see soon Catholic-Bundisch and Jewish-Bundisch organizations besides the independent groups which embrace members of any denomination. But amongst the Protestants proper, Bundisch Youth groups remained

scarce. "The Bündische Jugend perceives that the essential components of national life can only be found in a clear recognition of the German nation's historical share in Christianity and the Christian churches," says the "Outline of a Bundisch Attitude," a proclamation by the German Bundisch Opposition, September 1938. And in an appeal of the German Jungkatholiken, "The Germany We Want," November 1938, is said :—

As upholders of Christianity, they (the churches) are essential bases of German culture. It was once, and will again become, their mission to make Christianity a living creed for the German nation. The churches must abstain from politics, but it will be their great national mission to bridge the differences between the various Christian sects by demonstrating the community of Christian conception of faith and morality.

Most important for a real youth movement is a genuine democratic education and, therefore, an absolutely independent development. The development of the regulated Free German Youth (*Freie deutsche Jugend*) in the Soviet Zone of Germany and with the "antifascist-democratic" Central Youth Boards at Berlin, which are the only licensed bodies for youth activities there till today, leads to new totalitarianism. There is no difference between National Socialism and National Communism. The latter only is stronger for having totalized also the economic sphere of life. And if the "Free German" Youth in the Western zones declares itself to be "unpolitical," but is nationalistic and centralistic, that amounts only to party political tactics and camouflage. It does not change their general structure and aims.

The variety of organizations is important to give scope to the variety of life. If democracy means giving the individual a chance to live his life, youngsters must be allowed to work out the forms and contents of their life themselves. That is only possible in absolute freedom from compulsion. Forced unity of organization does not produce personalities. Mass organization does not create consciously responsible bearers of ideas. Theo Hespers, whom I mentioned above, wrote :—

Therefore the German Youth Movement was always sceptical of this type of mass movement, and experience showed that such scepticism was justified. Its members are convinced that everything depends on ideas. If they are so pure and noble as to be worth the trouble their accomplishment involves, then we shall find men ready to serve them. The essential point is that ideas should be championed by persons whose life, conduct and actions demonstrate the genuineness of their intentions. Such persons only will win the confidence of their people to an extent which will guarantee the successful issue of their struggle.

Although often deceived and betrayed and now entangled in a network of organized mistrust, the German people are so profoundly disillusioned that they will never be deceived or

misled again by cheap slogans shouted in the market-place. Therefore the most important and most difficult task will be to establish a certain measure of confidence in their minds. But this can only be undertaken by persons and groups whose past and present show a clean record and whose straightforward attitude and readiness to make personal sacrifices carry conviction.

The aim of the Bundisch Youth organizations, therefore, is to educate these men and women who know, to tackle life and solve its problems, personally and for their people. The organizations (groups, *Bunde*, etc.) are no aim in themselves, but only a temporary frame for a special purpose.

This special purpose after thirteen years of Nazism and six years of war will be to find new forms for the old "Protest" of youth. It will be to ease the road for them. And the youth in Germany have found them again. In the British Zone of Germany alone, the last statistics of March, 1947, count 30,000 members of Bundisch local groups. And this is only the beginning. The old purpose remains young for ever. It is the aim at truth and veracity, honour and honesty, responsibility and personality. At bottom, it is the endeavour to lay the foundations for new forms of society in Germany, without which all youth work remains unimportant and untenable.

K. H. A. EBELING

THE AUTHORITARIAN IDEA

The ideological background of democracy must win in any contest with totalitarian theory.

It is the shortcomings of democracy in practice that open the fortress from within and leave the people of the democracies tongue-tied before just criticism and, worse, open to the insidious attack of opposing ideologies. It is something, of course, that the problems arising out of discrimination, such as the anti-Negro prejudice, can be openly discussed in the United States, but progress towards their solution seems to the believer in true democracy inordinately slow. And the fact that there are problems which may not be discussed, either in that stronghold of democracy in the West or in this one in the East points to a compromise in democratic principles, necessary no doubt in the interest of ordered government, but still a capitulation to opposing ideologies.

One of the most subtle and sinister manifestations of the extent to which authoritarian ideas have swept the world is the growing tolerance of the principle of compulsion of the individual in the real or assumed interest of the group. The All-India Co-operative Planning Committee as well as successive Conferences of Registrars of Co-operative Societies have accepted the principle that in activities "essential for economic progress," such as, for example, consolidation of holdings or irrigation, where voluntary compliance with the large majority's wishes cannot be secured, its will should be enforceable upon dissenters. And this in the very field of "co-operation," which ought to be democracy's best ally!

India and the democratic peoples everywhere cannot be too much on their guard against the wave of authoritarian theory which is pounding against their dikes, and must strengthen these by making practice conform to democratic faith.

PH. D.

THE ROHIT SUKTAS OF THE ATHARVAVEDA

BOOK XIII—HYMN IV

[The *Atharvaveda*, the fourth Veda, with its aphorisms, its incantations and its magic formulæ, is held in great reverence by the Brahmans, but is less known generally than others of the ancient Indian scriptures. There is room for considerable differences of opinion as to the meaning of the archaic text. The translation which we publish here, by the Indian scholar **Shri U. K. Oza,** is suggestive.—ED.]

I

1-2 There comes the Sun on the ceiling of the sky, burnishing the heavens; the great lord comes robed in rays; the sky is filled.

3 He is the Creator; He is the Organizer; He is the Wind; the high-held sky.

4 He is the Aryaman (God of culture); He is Varuna (one who penetrates into and covers all); He is Rudra (the Terror-Inspirer); He is Mahadeva (the Most Majestic).

5 He is Agni (Fire: Kinetic energy); He is the Sun (the progenitor); He is the Great Yama (arch-disciplinarian).

6-7 The single-headed calves shaped as (*Vatsa*) beams connecting Him with the ten quarters have their resort in Him. Then they, as He rises and bursts into resplendence, spread forth, progressing from the East to the West.

8 His is this group of Marutas (storm-raisers). He comes as if framed in prisms.

9 The great Lord comes robed in rays; the sky is filled.

10 His are these nine outlets of the human body; His are the activity cells placed in nine places.

11 He looks to the created: whatever breathes and whatever does not.

12 The force called *Sahas* (Cohesion; Power of Self-persistence) is centred in Him.

13 He is only one, in every way only one. In Him these Gods become existent as One. He who knows this, knows.

II

14 *Kirti* (Glory), *Yashas* (Fame), *Ambhas* (Essence), *Nabhas* (Expanse), *Varchas* (Lustre) arising from Brahmanhood (realisation of one's essential identity with Brahma, or Wisdom combined with Knowledge), *Anna* (Nourishment) and *Annadya* (that which is eaten as nourishing food).

15 He who knows this to be the only one Lord in every way,

16 Not second, not third, not fourth even is He called;

17 Not fifth, not sixth; not seventh even is He called;

18 Not eighth, not ninth; not tenth even is He called.

19 He looks to all that breathes and that which does not.

20 The *Saha* force is centred in Him. He is only One, in every way One alone.

21 In Him all Gods become existent as One.

III

22 *Brahma* (Wisdom arising from Knowledge), *Tapas* (Physical and mental seasoning after experience of doubt and personal handicap), *Kirti, Yashas, Ambhas, Nabhas, Brahmanvarchas, Anna* and *Annadya;*

23 The past, the future, faith, predilection, heaven and *Svadha* (the syllables that carry human oblations to the manes or departed ancestors);

24 He who knows this to be the only one God in every way;

25 He only is death, He deathless life, He birthless existence, He alone is perpetual self-preservation.

26 He is consistently sung in the Vedas (all collective Wisdom known) as Rudra, pursuer of wealth (*Vasuvanih*); He is the expression of homage, the *Vashat* syllable in all prayers for the gift of wealth (*Vasudeye Namovake*).

27 All these spirits bound to mortal life respect His rule.

28 All these constellations, including the moon, are bound in fealty to Him.

IV

29 He was verily born of the day;
the day was born of Him.

30 He was verily born of the night;
the night was born of Him.

31 He was verily born of space;
space was born of Him.

32 He was verily born of the Wind;
the wind was born of Him.

33 He was verily born of the sky;
the sky was born of Him.

34 He was verily born of the quarters;
the quarters were born of Him.

35 He was verily born of the earth;
the earth was born of Him.

36 He was verily born of the waters;
the waters were born of Him.

37 He was verily born of fire;
the fire was born of Him.

38 He was verily born of the Rik;
the Riks were born of Him.

39 He was verily born of sacrifice;
sacrifice was born of Him.

40 He is sacrifice; His is the sacrifice. He is made the head of sacrifice.

41 He thunders; He shines; He hurls the (thunder-bolt) stone.

42 For sin or for welfare; for the man or for the non-God.

43 That Thou createst health-giving herbs or that Thou rainest with beneficence or that Thou developest what is born.

44 Embracing all that, O Maghvan (Great One) is thy Greatness; the Powers by the hundred.

45 Or that is Thy ordained course if Thou art ever progressing (in forward motion)—the Nyarbuda Serpent.

V

46 Thou art the Great Indra (Ruler) because of Thine immortality; Thou art the Great Ruler because of Thy withdrawals of Manifestations.

47 Thou art Great because Thou art the Lord of the Power that yields all that could be cultured (*S'achi*). Thou art Omnipresent. Thou art Omnipotent. Thus do we worship Thee.

48 Salutation to Thee! See! See me! See!

49 With that which can be eaten as nourishment; with fame; with light; with lustre begotten from Brahmanhood.

50 Essence; Expanse; Volume; Cohesion (*Ambhas, Amas, Mahas, Sahas*) —thus do we worship Thee.

51 Red textural fineness, Silvery Materiality, Cohesiveness—thus do we worship Thee.

VI

52 Wide, expansive, well-framed world of space (*Bhuvar*)—thus do we worship Thee.

53 Broad, happily chosen, capable of development, this universe—thus do we worship Thee.

54 Potential wealth; shining wealth, controlled wealth, graspable wealth —thus do we worship Thee.

55 Salutations be unto Thee! Look! Look on me! Look!

56 By all that is enjoyable as for consumption, by fame, by light, by the lustre born of Brahmanhood.

U. K. OZA

BRITAIN AND INDIA

India's Prime Minister, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, made the following reference to future British-Indian relations in his speech at Kingsway Hall, London, on the 12th of October:—

"I should like to congratulate here in public the present Government of the United Kingdom and the people of Britain for the courage and vision they showed at a very critical moment in their dealings with India. I should say that that courage and vision has already—to those who can see it—yielded substantial fruit.

"Remembering the past background of generations of struggle and bitter conflict, it is extraordinary how the sense of conflict has rapidly faded away. Not entirely perhaps—it lingers on in some people's minds—but, generally speaking, it has faded with remarkable rapidity.

"For that I think there are two causes: One certainly is the manner in which the whole struggle for freedom was conceived and carried out by Gandhiji. Undoubtedly that is a very basic fact. And the other is the manner in which at this critical juncture the British Government and British people handled the situation.

"People talk of the kind of nexus that might continue between England and India. They think of it in legal and other terms.

"I do not know at this moment exactly what shape it might take. All I can say is this: First of all I should like the closest co-operation between the people of India and the people of Britain. But whatever form it might take it is obvious that any foundation for co-operation is this sense of comradeship, fellow-feeling and absence of conflict between them.

"We have already, in the course of the last year, gone pretty far in removing the sense of conflict and thereby leaving the door open for close co-operation."

THE VEIL THAT VANISHED

[**Mr. William Bashyr Pickard** is the author of *A New World*, reviewed in THE ARYAN PATH for June 1947. Even in one who does not remember so vivid an experience of the falling of a veil of consciousness as that described here, something affirms its possibility and responds to it with hope. For such sudden insights, however partial and fleeting, constitute the milestones on the pilgrimage of life. An enlargement of the field of vision follows the lifting of the curtain that had hidden from us all the stage but the proscenium. But this exhilarating experience is far from having the character of finality. We see man's upward climbing in the words of H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* as "a series of progressive awakenings, each advance bringing with it the idea that now, at last, we have reached 'reality.'" But the "realities" of one stage are seen at the next as the shadows they were all the time.—ED.]

When it happens to you, you will be surprised. I don't say it will happen, but it certainly may. There comes a time when, as an unfolding, you gradually realize what life is. Hitherto you have been taking life for granted. You have been interested in the setting of life—all the varied things you can see, hear, touch, taste or smell. The myriad complexity of this panorama of the senses passing slowly or swiftly by you like some gigantic film entertainment, has held you spell-bound. How well indeed it may! For it exercises a high proportion of your human faculties and you feel yourself part of the scene before and around you.

But now there comes a time when you feel that something fresh and yet more interesting is happening to you. It is as if the curtain over one of the windows (blind or dark while you were looking at the panorama of practical life) had slipped aside, blown perhaps by some cosmic breath, and now there entered an outer and more piercing light, dimming the confined camera show which was holding you engrossed.

You are disturbed, irritated, perhaps, disappointed. The shows of this worldly life were all very well and the chasing of dreams was exciting and invigorating; why realize that to catch these dreams actually in itself is as nothing, valueless? Why? and you repeat, why? Still hankering for your dream vision, you may be inclined to say, "Let me alone. I am content with the prizes of this world—if only I can get them! and I mean to have a good try! Why look at what comes after, until we have finished with what is here?"

Why indeed? This question must be answered, and the answer, in brief, is this.

Face up to reality, not the external largely known but widely misinterpreted reality, but the fundamental underlying reality. When

you have found that, you will have found something better, surer, more satisfying than even the accomplishment of your wildest dreams.

You must awake to the long view. Consider not the passage of one hundred years, but a long time, vast time and the ending of time itself in eternity.

Why should this interest you ? Because "you," the essential "you," the only "you," belong to the eternal, the imperishable. In other words, the spirit and nothing else whatsoever is "you"—neither your hand, nor your foot, nor your body, nor your head is "you"; each is something you use for a time and will in time discard. Attach not yourself, then, to these things, thinking they are "you."

Now do you see, when once you have realized this, what a tremendous change comes over your life ? "You," being eternal, are not to be harmed. "You" cannot be ill—it is your body that, perchance, contracts illness. You lose your hand or your leg, but, in that, no whit of your true self, the enduring "you."

Now wherein lies the benefit of this realization ? In this. Upon the bedrock of truth is all existence founded. A thing not true will not stand, but withers and falls. Therefore, for our own joy, we must first recognize this abiding truth beneath the physical and material veil. We must acquire, or rather develop, a sixth sense (which assuredly we can do), a sense which can pierce this outer veil without destroying it and without removing it. Just as the X-ray pierces and reveals by its innate power without disturbance or destruction of the object, so we realize the eternal foundation, the truth which yields not, upon which all life is founded. We realize and the result is an ever renewed joy. We enter upon a serenity unshakable.

Consider now what has happened to you. You have obtained insight into the fundamental. What does this mean ? That the superstructure at once becomes valueless and meaningless, an idle mirage ?

By no means.

Does the X-ray photograph destroy the value of the flesh through which the ray pierces or by its revelation of actuality, make normal life, health and comfort mere words without significance ?

Obviously not so. Far and away differently.

You may now without fear or deception live and enjoy, clothed in a protective sanity which gives you an unbreakable serenity. Observing the fundamental truth underlying all existence, the fearlessness of the conscious spirit descends upon you, and you find that calamities no longer harm you; delights no longer intoxicate you; delays, opposition and rebuffs no more cast you down but are met by an inexhaustible patience.

It's as if a man, toiling on a long pilgrimage, came at last to the shrine of his hopes and, treading with trembling, wearied feet the thresh-

old steps, sank exhausted upon the mosaic floor. He has reached the goal. But what is the goal ?—the sacred walls ? the fretted windows ? the perfume of the censers ? the thrill of the notes of the chant of the hymn divine ?

Nay, nay, nay ! For him these veils have vanished ; and the voice of the spirit, viewless and clothed not in sound, bids him welcome, rest and rejoice !

WILLIAM BASHYR PICKARD

DHARMA AND MODERN INDIA

Lest modern Indians rest on the laurels of their distant forbears, the reminder of Dr. R. C. Majumdar in his presidential address at the Dharbhanga Session of the All-India Oriental Conference in mid-October was timely. While correctly appraising India's cultural heritage, he drew attention to the "decline and decay of those very ideals which once had made her great." Modern India is in one sense worse than the rest of the world in taking expediency as its rule of private and even of public conduct, because the sons of India who do so are sinning against light. In ancient India, Dr. Majumdar said,

> the material interests were not regarded as the *summum bonum* in life and were not pursued in disregard of other factors which were considered as equally important values in life.

Mahatma Gandhi had proved the possibility of embodying in practical daily life the ancient Indian emphasis on duty rather than on rights and privileges and the catholicity of outlook that left the individual perfect freedom of thought and expression. Dr. Majumdar called upon Indian scholars to interpret Indian culture and help make it the regenerative force it ought to be.

> We can effectively help the national regeneration and possibly also the salvation of the world by stressing the great value of our ancient culture in moulding life and society even in the modern world.

Patriots have been accustomed to saying, in the days of British rule, "India has a great message for the world, but who will listen to a slave people ?" The yoke of foreign domination has been lifted, but India's message does not yet receive the heed it should. It will, when Indians in their millions attempt the demonstration of the practicality and beauty of their spiritual heritage, making *dharma* their rule of conduct, perfect tolerance their watchword, and brotherhood in thought and action their high aim.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

IMPRIMERIE DE SRI AUROBINDO ASHRAM

A great amount of publishing is being done on the life, work and philosophy of Sri Aurobindo. We have before us numerous volumes. We group them together in two parts—first, Sri Aurobindo's own poem entitled *Savitri*, handsomely printed, which very likely will prove to be a milestone in the literary development of Indo-Anglian literature. The second part consists of a variety of books.

I

Savitri, A Legend and a Symbol. By SRI AUROBINDO. Book I, 5 Cantos; Book II, 15 Cantos; Book III, 4 Cantos; 10 Parts in all. (Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. 310 pp. in all. Total price Rs. 13/8)

This is a magnificent piece of work. Should it be judged on its literary merit or its philosophical ? In both fields its achievement is distinctive. Its verse is of stately grandeur and its mythologic content thought-provoking. The poem can well be described in Sri Aurobindo's own lines in the Sixth Canto of the Second Book—

> In sudden scintillations of the unknown
> Inexpressive sounds became veridical
> Ideas that seemed unmeaning flashed out truth.

It is not customary with us to reprint reviews or articles from other periodicals; but Sri Krishna Prem's review in the *Mandir Annual* is so striking that we readily accede to the request made and reprint it below :—

Sri Aurobindo's achievement in this great poem is one of which it is not easy for us to grasp the full significance. It is not a mythological poem, an ancient myth—as often as not even believed—used as a backcloth against which to display poetic virtuosity. Neither is it a philosophical poem, an exposition in verse of doctrines whose more natural vehicle would be prose. Nor, again, is it mere literature, to be evaluated according to the canons of traditional, or even modern, English poetry. Indeed one remembers Sri Aurobindo's explicit rejection of certain criticisms—not of this poem—made by the Irish poet A. E.* The

* A. E. wrote in a letter to Sri Dilip Kumar Roy (dated 6. 1. 32) : " English is a great language but it has very few words relating to spiritual ideas. For example, the word ' Karma ' in Sanskrit embodies a philosophy. There is no word in English embodying the same idea. There are many words in Sanskrit charged with meanings which have no counterpart in English—words like *dhyani, sushupti, turiya*—and I am sure the languages which the Hindus speak today must be richer in words fitting for spiritual expression than English, in which there are few luminous words that can be used when there is a spiritual emotion to be expressed. I found this difficulty myself of finding a vocabulary though English is the language I heard about my cradle. " To this Sri Aurobindo replied in a letter :

" ...but this seems to me a reasoning from the conventions of a past order which cannot apply to a new poetry dealing with spiritual things. A new art of words written from a new consciousness demands a new technique....Truth first—a technique expressive of the truth in the forms of beauty *has* to be found if it does not exist. It is no use arguing from the spiritual inadequacy of the English language : it has to be made adequate. It has been plastic enough in the past to succeed in expressing all that it was asked to express, however new : it must now be urged to a farther new progress." (A.E. referred to some poems of Sri K. D. Sethna sent to him for opinion by Sri Dilip Kumar Roy)

English language has been given to the world and its usages and limits can now no longer be determined exclusively by the ears of the islanders whose tongue it originally was. Those who would remain sole rulers of their language must abjure empire. But to return :

The uniqueness of the achievement lies in the fact that Sri Aurobindo has closed a gulf that has yawned in the human psyche for many, many centuries. In the ancient world, poetry, whether in Vedic hymns or elsewhere, was—above all—revelation. Its subject-matter was the eternal truth which dwells in the heart of all life. Of that secret "Truth-consciousness"—to use Sri Aurobindo's own terms—poetry was the essential expression : the poet was the seer, not in some mild Wordsworthian sense, but in the full and ancient meaning of the word. He *saw* in very actuality the ever-living Gods who from within ruled and still rule all life and he used all the magic of the divine Logos to weave garments of sound in which those powers could dwell, as it were, embodied. He was the Seer, the Prophet, the Magician and his speech was mantra and enchantment, not only in India but throughout the world. It was a dim memory of this that remained in the medieval European tradition of Virgil as the great Enchanter.

But this of which we speak was in that archaic world when men were still embedded in the matrix of the universal life—in touch with Gods above and beasts below—the days before the rise of tyrannous, self-conscious, separative mind, that "slayer of the Real." Gradually, with the rise of this self-arrogating power, a separation came about. One became two and head sundered itself from heart, knowledge from feeling. For itself the head forged the new tool of prose with which to express what it termed the facts of life, while to the more conservative heart was relegated whatever was left of the old magic language, shorn indeed of its prestige and power, but still possessing the glamour which clings to the language of an old but conquered race. Poetry thus became the language of the dispossessed heart, the vehicle of its dreams and misty unfulfilled longings, a glowing many-coloured rainbow arched over the rushing waters of life, but existing—as the analytic head is careful to tell us—only in the eye of the beholder.

Perhaps the last great Western poet to have made any real attempt to grasp the inner unity was Dante, and even he made use of merely traditional myth—and somewhat degenerated myth at that—for most of his structure, while Milton who came later used even more degenerated myth for purposes which it is not unfair to describe as theological apologetics. Still later, Blake, a genuine but undisciplined seer, attempted to recover the lost unity but lost his way in uncharted private worlds.

After him the venture fails. The best poetry became, more and more, purely lyrical and subjective. The rainbow still gleams above the waters, the magic light still glows within the heart ; but, more and more, the fissure widened, polarising, however unspokenly, the *poetic* with the *actual*, poetry with life.

In this poem the fissure has been closed. *Sāvitri* (and it is no mere coincidence that the name is that of the

quintessential verse of all the Vedas as well as that of the wife of Satyavān) is neither subjective fantasy nor yet mere philosophical thought, but vision and revelation of the actual inner structure of the Cosmos and of the pilgrim of life within its sphere—Bhu, Bhuvar, Swar: the Stairway of the Worlds reveals itself to our gaze—worlds of Light above, worlds of Darkness beneath—and we see also ever-circling life ("kindled in measure and quenched in measure") ascending and descending that Stair under the calm unwinking gaze of the Cosmic Gods who shine forth now as of old. This and much more can be seen, not as some theory to be agreed or disagreed with, but as present living fact by any who can open their inner eye. For poetry—all poetry—is evocative. "Out of discussion," says Plotinus, "we call to vision." Far above the plains of prose with their challenge to agreement or disagreement, tower the mountain peaks of poetry calling to vision. Poetry is indeed the full manifestation of the Logos, and when, as here, it is no mere iridescence dependent on some special stand-point, but the wondrous structure of the mighty Cosmos, the "Adorned One," that is revealed, then in truth does it manifest in its full, its highest grandeur.

Such poetry can only be written either in the early days before the rise to power of self-conscious mind or when that particular cycle has run its course and life establishes itself once more in the unity beyond, this time with all the added range and power that has been gained during the reign of mind. It is an omen of the utmost significance and hope that in these years of darkness and despair such a poem as *Sāvitri* should have appeared. Let us salute the Dawn.

KRISHNA PREM

II

Sri Aurobindo Mandir Annual No. 7 (15th August 1948). On the occasion of the 76th Birthday. (Sri Aurobindo Pathamandir, Calcutta. 202 pp. Paper bound, Rs. 5/-; cloth, Rs. 6/-)

This contains numerous interesting papers including the review of Sri Krishna Prem printed above. Portraits of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother follow a striking coloured reproduction, "The Golden Purusha," by Krishnalal.

Sri Aurobindo and Indian Freedom. By SISIRKUMAR MITRA. (Sri Aurobindo Library, 369 Esplanade, G. T., Madras. 88 pp. 1948. Re. 1/8)

This volume opens with lines from a poem composed by Rabindranath Tagore in 1908 about Sri Aurobindo and contains articles which have appeared in various periodicals, which are revised.

Sri Aurobindo: Lights on the Teachings. By T. V. KAPALI SASTRY. (Sri Aurobindo Library, Madras. 165 pp. 1948. Rs. 2/8) is also a collection of articles which originally appeared in various periodicals.

The Yoga of Sri Aurobindo. Part IV. By NOLINI KANTA GUPTA. (Sri Aurobindo Library, Madras. 79 pp. 1948. Re. 1/4)

Shri Nolini Kanta Gupta has issued the fourth part of his book, the first of which was published in 1939. The second was reviewed in these columns in 1944. The third, in which some

useful things appear on the subject of suffering, its nature and its use, was issued in 1946. The fourth also contains provocative thoughts, and for those who wish to *live* and not only exist, they will prove helpful. To live one must think and what is contained in this and the previous parts will help the aspirant to think. He may not always agree with the author but what of that? The aspirant will feel grateful for the thinking stuff.

The King and the Corpse: Tales of the Soul's Conquest of Evil. By HEINRICH ZIMMER; edited by JOSEPH CAMPBELL. (The Bollingen Series XI, Pantheon Books, New York. $3.75)

This collection of tales, drawn from the West as well as the East, is held together by the running commentary and also the tension of a continuous argument. Abu Kasem's slippers which again and again return to him, like a bad coin, to his mounting discomfiture; Conn-eda the pagan and John Chrysostom the Christian who grow into knowledge and wisdom through the experience of Evil; Sir Gawain who loses his soul in order to save it, and Sir Owain who achieves, through trial and error, an integrated personality; Sir Lancelot, the flawed hero, and his son, Sir Galahad, who re-embodies and redeems him; Merlin the Master Magician who tires of his sovereignty and submits to the power of Niniane; Vikramāditya who holds prolonged colloquy with the spectre within the corpse, and at dawn emerges rich in wisdom and puissance—these are myths that generate vast circles of significance, some of which are snapped by Dr. Zimmer in his book. The concluding section is a brief rendering of the *Kālikā Purāna*, and covers the story of the birth of the Goddess Sati, her union with Shiva, her self-determined death, and Shiva's frenzy and ultimate retirement to the Siprā shore for *tapas*. The gods are thus caught in the play of Māya even as men are; through the shocks of unpredictable circumstance alone can evolution race towards its goal; if nude, immobile, mute Being is Reality, the baffling flux of Becoming is Reality no less; experience, not mere innocence, is the way of progress; and integration of the vital and spiritual sides of one's nature—of outer and inner life—is the end of Perfection. No need to dogmatize, however: although each age will discover in these myths the meanings relevant to it, the myths remain themselves incommensurable. Infinity may be scooped out of Infinity, yet Infinity is left behind! It is with this salutary reflection that we close Dr. Zimmer's most absorbing study.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

The Poet of Hindustan. By ANTHONY ELENJIMITTAM. (Orient Book Co., Calcutta 12. Rs. 5/- or 8*s*.)

Prof. S. Radhakrishnan says of the book in his Foreword that "it is important not only because it deals with the thoughts of the great Rabindranath but also because it reveals the workings of a reflective mind on the problems of religion." After reading the book, however, one is constrained to confess that it more reflects the mind of its author than it interprets adequately and authentically the thought of the Poet. It is difficult to endorse the publishers' statement on the jacket:

> Anyone acquainted with Rabindrian literature will notice the close kinship the author exhibits with the poet. Some passages so reflect the spirit of Rabindrian literature that the reader can hardly distinguish them from the writings of the Poet himself.

The title, therefore, is likely to mislead many an unwary reader.

The author has adopted the literary device of creating incidents around the period during which the Poet stayed at Oxford to deliver the Hibbert Lectures on the "Religion of Man," so that the latter may be made to unburden his mind on a variety of problems such as art, music, poetry, a national language, Buddhism and Christianity. What is thus expressed as if from the lips of the Poet himself is, however, only the author's own reactions to the many-sided thought of the Poet, with an occasional reminiscence or recollection, here and there, of the Poet's vision or view-point. The style bespeaks more the priest or the philosopher than the poet, though at places it tries to contact the crux and core of true religion. *The Poet of Hindustan* is, at best, only an interesting essay in telescoping the Poet's thoughts on religion, as embodied in his *Religion of Man,* into the framework of the author's own philosophy of life.

The proof-correcting has left much to be desired, as have also the photographic reproductions.

GURDIAL MALLIK

The delightful lecture which Shri M. Ramaswamy, Advocate of the Mysore High Court, gave on July 29th at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, reviewing Carl Van Doren's book, *The Great Rehearsal* (The Viking Press, New York), has been published as the first *Transaction* of that Institute, from which it is available for Re. 1/-. This story of the beginnings of "The United States of America: The Making of Its Constitution" is particularly interesting, instructive and encouraging for India, which has been able to benefit in its own task of Constitution forging from the pioneering of the men who at Philadelphia in 1787 evolved the constitutional devices which made a strong federal nation out of a disorganised group of new States.

The title of the book was chosen because its author hoped that the American Constitutional Convention might be regarded as a rehearsal for the establishment of many such federal governments of the future. A Constitutional Convention for a World Federal Government is now to be hoped for, as Shri Ramaswamy suggested. And his proposal that, when it is held, it be in India will appeal to many of our readers.

> Can there be a more appropriate country to be chosen as the venue of such a gathering than India, the land which gave birth to Lord Buddha, the Great Apostle of Peace, and Mahatma Gandhi, the Great Friend of Mankind?

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ *ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Writing in the August *Fortnightly* on "The Relation of Education to War and Peace," William F. Russell, Dean of Teachers' College, Columbia University, finds wanting all the formulæ devised for education that shall make for peace. Neither educational reconstruction nor interchange of persons or ideas nor the direct teaching of international good-will, he believes, can prevent the gearing of nations to war. The first three were found in both Germany and Japan before the last war and the fourth, he feels, while like the others deserving of support, is more likely in general to impart "ideas about good-will" than actual good-will itself.

Real education for peace means that we must keep our schools free, our children free, our leaders free and close to the people and our parents responsible.

UNESCO, for all its good intentions, is an agency of Governments; the free teachers of the world, united, can do what it cannot—

Teachers with free minds who are resolved to keep free; teachers who insist on free schools to turn out free men to keep the mind of children free; such teachers cannot be controlled.

The fatal ease with which the people can be bent to war by educational programmes under political control has proved that mere extension of education to all will not of itself "provide a bulwark for democracy." The simple formula for enslavement of the mind of a nation holds the clue to how, by following the opposite course, free-thinking boys and girls can be helped to grow up into "*free* men and women, free intellectually, free morally, unprejudiced in all respects," as Madame H. P. Blavatsky has put part of the aim of education of the right type. The formula for war conditioning is this:—

See that every child goes to school; keep the parents out; make the child obey all the time. Never let him ask a question. Prohibit initiative. Permit no variation. Then train a set of leaders for this mass to obey....

An excellent formulation for educators of what *not* to do.

In "Culture and Education in a World Order" (*World Review*, September 1948) Herbert Read seeks a way for the germination of a new culture to replace the bankrupt one of Europe. UNESCO recognizes that "the defences of peace must be constructed...in the minds of men," but he finds its tendency to be "to confuse culture with learning, and education with propaganda." He sees the problem of the solidarity of mankind not as primarily an intellectual but a moral problem. We are in a state of moral apathy, he declares.

Our civilisation has no natural habits of goodness—only certain intellectual concepts of goodness, some of which we try to enforce by legal sanctions.

Plato and Aristotle had insisted that children's minds and emotions should be trained in equal measure, "and that if there were any question of priority

the education of the emotions, moral or ethical education should come first." Mr. Read advocates the concrete arts as alone having "that basis of harmony and rhythm which is inherent in nature."

What men do makes them what they are; how they do what they do determines the quality of what they are; and it is only when the doing is raised to the dignity of a regular or ritualistic art that it penetrates into the deepest recesses of the soul.

Mr. Reed denies that culture is, as seems sometimes to be assumed, a concrete material which can be distributed. "Culture," he declares, is a spiritual growth...it is only the seeds of culture that can be diffused with any pervasive or creative result." He does not look for mass results; the achievement must be one by one,

helping one another, discovering one's own peace of mind, waiting for the understanding that flashes from one peaceful mind to another.

The Nair Service Society has accepted the task of trying to translate into action the ideals of Gandhiji, declared its President, Shri N. Govinda Menon, at the ceremony of the laying by India's Governor-General, Shri C. Rajagopalachari, of the foundation stone of the new college which the Society is building at Pattam, Trivandrum. The *Travancore Information and Listener* for October reproduces photographs taken on the occasion, on August 22nd. The words of His Excellency were pregnant with wisdom. It was not enough to raise an institution here and an institution there to memorialise Gandhiji, he said.

the entire structure of life in India will have to be a memorial for Mahatma Gandhi. The whole of the life of India so far as they were concerned should hold Mahatma Gandhi within its character.

Gandhiji's ideals could be served by the scavenger as well as by the Chief Minister, by the small shop-keeper selling the necessities of life to poor people in the proper way as well as by the elementary school teacher.

The Nair Service Society's resolve, its President said, was "to keep the ideals of Gandhiji burning bright and steady in the hearts of young men and women who would enter the portals of the temple of learning." But to give an institution bearing the honoured name of Gandhiji a sectarian designation is surely to deny in advance the cosmopolitan ideal for which he stood, to snatch back with the left hand what the right has offered, to pander to the very force of narrow orthodoxy against which he fought and which was responsible for his assassination. A "Mahatma Gandhi Hindu College" is a contradiction in terms. If the new college is to stand indeed for the ideals of Gandhiji, let it drop at the outset its sectarian label.

Prof. P. K. Gode, Curator of the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute at Poona, who presided over the Technical Sciences and Fine Arts Section of the All-India Oriental Conference's Darbhanga Session in mid-October, deplored the inadequacy of the study of ancient India's achievements in these fields. While conceding that India's richest heritage is spiritual culture, he maintained the value of knowledge of the material culture which had grown side by side with it without ever submerging spiritual values. The fact that two voluminous studies within recent years, Albert

Neuburger's *Technical Arts and Sciences of the Ancients* and Howard S. Reed's *History of Plant Sciences* had omitted India reflected our own failure in general to study in detail our ancient sources for the light they threw upon material achievements. Acharya P. C. Ray had set an example in the exhaustive research behind his *History of Hindu Chemistry*.

Among the points made by Neuburger were that, while the methods of ancient technical science were simpler than those of modern technicians, it had achieved results so remarkable they had not been surpassed and that, while modern technical science, using new sources of power, had developed more broadly, the ancients had penetrated more deeply. This certainly applies to India with its countless types of specialists and its craft guilds.

Professor Gode's proposal of a word-index to ancient literary sources significant for material culture, an object-index of concrete objects or their visible representations and a tentative dictionary of technical terms would immeasurably facilitate the countless patient investigations which must precede a comprehensive survey of the subject.

If, as defined by Neuburger, technical sciences represent "the unceasing struggle of man with matter," we might define the fine arts as attempts to express man's emotional responses to the world, on the one hand, and his aspirations towards something above, within or behind matter on the other.

Omitting poetry, covered by other Sections of the Conference, Professor Gode urged the desirability of adequate histories of music and of painting and deplored the neglect by most Indian Universities of the fine arts. We should not, he said, neglect, in our enthusiasm for agriculture in these days of food shortage, our cultural heritage. Government encouragement of art exhibitions was recommended and an Institute of Indian Æsthetics was proposed. If such an Institute is ever formed it would seem fitting to name it for the late Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy, to whom Professor Gode paid eloquent tribute for his great services to Indian art and its appreciation throughout the world.

The growing appreciation of the Eastern values by Western thinkers was strikingly brought out by Dr. P. T. Raju in his Presidential Address before the Section of Philosophy and Religion of the recent All-India Oriental Conference. He brought out by a series of quotations from Western writers their conviction that

> no new philosophy, which is also a philosophy of life, can be adequate for man unless it gives the proper place to the values of life for which Eastern philosophies stand.

The present task was to reconcile the phenomenal world and the spiritual life of the individual. India had effected reconciliations between different systems of thought in the past and could, Dr. Raju maintained, "incorporate the scientific and humanistic ideas of the West and effect a synthesis of these ideas and her ancient spirituality in her own way and to the best advantage."

It is that synthesis of the thought of the East and the West which THE ARYAN PATH has as one of its chief aims. Aryanising Western thought and taking the best of Western culture for the East must result in the evolution of a more united world, based on the eternal verities and expressing in practice that universal brotherhood which is rooted in them.

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